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NEW FORMAT

THE

SANDMAN™

MASTER • of • DREAMS

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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

GAIMAN • DRINGENBERG • JONES

HOUR 1: THE FLIES WALKED INTO THE WEB.

ALL NITE 24 DINER HOURS

NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER

MIKE DRINGENBERG & MALCOLM JONES III, ARTISTS & SPECIAL THANKS TO DOM CAROLA

DANIEL VOZZO, COLORIST

TODD KLEIN, LETTERS

ART YOUNG, ASST. EDITOR
KAREN BERGER, EDITOR

OPEN

SPK SPK SPK

BETTE-- CAN I HAVE A COFFEE REFILL? AND A TUNA ON RYE?

SURE, HON.

CIGARETTES

MENU

ON HER DAYS OFF, AFTER SHE'S TIDIED THE HOUSE, BETTE MUNROE WRITES STORIES.

SHE WRITES THEM IN LONGHAND ON YELLOW LEGAL PADS.

HI! I'M BETTE

TUNA

SOMETIMES SHE WRITES ABOUT HER EX-HUSBAND, BERNARD, AND ABOUT HER SON, BERNARD JR., WHO WENT OFF TO COLLEGE AND NEVER CAME BACK TO HER.

HI! I'M BETTE

TUNA

SHE MAKES THESE STORIES END HAPPILY.

MOST OF HER STORIES, HOWEVER, ARE ABOUT HER CUSTOMERS.

HI! I'M BETTE

THEY LOOK AT HER AND THEY JUST SEE A WAITRESS; THEY DON'T KNOW SHE'S NURSING A SECRET.

A SECRET THAT KEEPS HER ACHING CALF-MUSCLES AND HER COFFEE-SCALDED FINGERS AND HER WEARINESS FROM DRAGGING HER DOWN...

IT'S HER SECRET.

SHE'S NEVER SHOWN ANYONE HER STORIES.

COMING RIGHT *UP!*

ONE TUNA ON RYE...

RUDE GIRL

ONE DAY SHE KNOWS SHE'LL PACKAGE THE PADS UP, BIND THEM IN BROWN PAPER, SEND THEM TO DEAR ABBY, OR EARL WILSON, OR JACKIE COLLINS.

AND A COFFEE. THERE.

THEY'LL READ THEM, AND THEY'LL PUBLISH THEM AND EVERYONE WILL MARVEL AT HER DEPICTION OF HAPPY, HAPPY SMALL-TOWN LIFE.

"*BUT YOU'RE A WRITER,*" JOHNNY CARSON WILL SAY TO HER, "*HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A WAITRESS?*"

SHE'LL SMILE.

SHE WON'T TELL HIM.

IT'LL BE HER SECRET.

PEOPLE THINK BETTE TALKS TO THEM *SO EASILY* BECAUSE SHE'S A WAITRESS. THEY DON'T REALIZE SHE'S A WRITER GATHERING MATERIAL.

BETTE--I'M GOING TO USE THE BATHROOM. IF *DONNA* COMES BY, TELL HER TO *WAIT*, OK?

SURE, JUDY.

SHE ALREADY KNOWS JUDY'S STORY.

JOY DIVISION

SHE ISN'T SMALL-MINDED; A WRITER CAN'T AFFORD TO BE. WHAT THOSE GIRLS DO IS A SIN AGAINST GOD, AND UNNATURAL, BUT STILL...

BETTE FEELS SORRY FOR THEM. IN HER STORIES SHE'S ALREADY MARRIED BOTH OF THEM OFF TO FINE YOUNG MEN.

MA'AM? MA'AM, COULD I TROUBLE YOU FOR MORE COFFEE OVER HERE, IF YOU PLEASE?

NO TROUBLE AT ALL, HON.

IT'S NOT YET ELEVEN. YOU'VE STILL GOT AN HOUR TO KILL.

YEAH. I KNOW.

THE YOUNG MAN, NOW. HE'D SPOKEN TO HER EASY AS ANYTHING, JUST AS IF HE WAS REALLY TALKING TO A WAITRESS.

TELL THEM YOU'RE A WRITER AND THEY SHUT UP TIGHTER THAN CLAMS.

HE'S GOING FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH THAT BIG CHEMICAL WORKS. MAYBE TONIGHT SHE'LL WRITE A STORY ABOUT HIM.

...I SAID, IT'S ALL MERINGUE AND RAZOR BLADES, AND SHE SAID...

HE'LL GET THE JOB.

MARRY THE BOSS' DAUGHTER.

HI! I'M BETTE

CHEESEBURGER, BLACK COFFEE, PLEASE, BETTE. YOU, KATE?

I'LL HAVE A SALAD, LOW CAL DRESSING. AND A SANKA WITH LOW-FAT MILK, IF YOU HAVE IT.

UH HUH. I'LL HAVE TO SEE.

10245

NOW, THAT COUPLE, THE FLETCHERS. TOWN TALK HAD IT HE'D MARRIED HER FOR HER MONEY, BUT BETTE COULD SEE THEY DOTED ON EACH OTHER.

LIKE LOVEBIRDS.

TAKE ONE LOVEBIRD AWAY, THE OTHER HANKERS AND DIES.

ZIPPEDEEDOODAH... ZIPPEDEE AYY...

ALL BETTE'S STORIES HAVE HAPPY ENDINGS. THAT'S BECAUSE SHE KNOWS WHERE TO STOP.

SHE'S REALIZED THE REAL PROBLEM WITH STORIES--IF YOU KEEP THEM GOING LONG ENOUGH, THEY ALWAYS END IN DEATH.

HISSSSS

HI, BETTE. WHEN YOU'RE READY.

WITH YOU SOON, MARSH.

MARSH'S STORY SHE KNOWS ALREADY.

BETTE'S SORT OF LOOKED AFTER MARSH, SINCE MARSHA DIED. (MARSH AND MARSHA, THE WRITER IN HER WHISPERS, THEY WERE OBVIOUSLY MEANT FOR EACH OTHER.)

BUT MARSHA DRANK HERSELF TO DEATH, DIED YELLOW AND WHISPERING IN A SANITARIUM.

OH... THANKS.

Hi I'm BETTE

MARSH, HE WENT SORT OF CRAZY AFTER THAT; A GOOD MAILMAN GONE BAD. STATE PEN, STEALING FROM THE MAILS. FIVE YEARS.

HE'S A TRUCKER THESE DAYS, WORKING OUT OF SOME UPSTATE TOWN THAT HAD NEVER HEARD OF HIM. BUT HE STILL LOOKS IN ON HER EVERY FEW WEEKS...

...FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE.

WHEN DO YOU GET OFF, HONEY?

YOU ***KNOW***, MARSH. NOT UNTIL AFTER LUNCH.

S'OK. I'LL WAIT.

THEY WEREN'T JUST CUSTOMERS.

THEY WERE RAW MATERIAL.

EVEN THE QUIET LITTLE STRANGER IN THE CORNER SEAT.

HE'D BEEN HERE SINCE SHE CAME ON SHIFT THIS MORNING, NURSING COFFEE AFTER COFFEE, HARDLY DRINKING AT ALL, JUST WATCHING THEM COOL; AWAY IN A DREAM-WORLD OF HIS OWN...

SHE WONDERS ABOUT HIM...

AND IN HER STORY...

SHE'LL TALK TO HIM WHEN THINGS GET QUIETER, DRAW HIM OUT, THEN TONIGHT, WHEN MARSH HAS CLIMBED IN HIS TRUCK AND HEADED BACK UPSTATE, SHE'LL WRITE A STORY ABOUT HIM.

...SHE'LL MAKE HIM HAPPY.

HOUR 2: HE WAS FORCED TO ACT TO PREVENT ANY OF THE FLIES FROM LEAVING.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I'M GOING TO BE LATE FOR MY INTER-VIEW!

JEEEESUS H! AW NO NONONO...

MA'AM? I'M LEAVING FIVE BUCKS ON THE TABLE HERE -- THAT SHOULD COVER IT.

I'M SORRY. I'M--AW SHOOT!

IF I RUN, MAYBE I CAN STILL MAKE IT. AW GOSH! AW HECK! OH...

OH...I... ERM...

UHHHH.

MA'AM? MORE COFFEE, IF IT'S NO TROUBLE.

UHN, SURE. RIGHT. COFFEE.

MMMM-- MMMM! GREAT COFFEE!

HOUR 3: AFTERNOON SOAP OPERA

PLEASE, I WOULD LIKE TO WATCH THE TELEVISION. WILL YOU MAKE IT WORK?

YOU WANT THE TV ON? NO PROBLEM.

HI. ROSE? YEAH, IT'S ME. JUDY. LISTEN -- HAVE YOU SEEN DONNA TODAY?

WELL, WE HAD A FIGHT LAST NIGHT, AND I'M SORT OF WORRIED...

SPLIT UP? NO, OF COURSE WE HAVEN'T. IT'S JUST--

HER MOM? YOU THINK SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE BACK TO HER MOM?

Secret Hearts

IN YESTERDAY'S PULSE-CHURNING EPISODE OF "SECRET HEARTS"...

YOU MEAN -- I MARRIED MY DENTIST?

BUT IF MY SIAMESE TWIN IS HIV POSITIVE, DOCTOR, DOESN'T THAT MEAN -- =GASP= ...?

FOSTER'S PEAS

I'M NOT JUST A CRAZY, CARA. I'M A CRAZY WITH A GUN. SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

HELLO? MRS. CAVANAGH? THIS IS JUDY, DONNA'S FRIEND. UH, HAVE YOU SEEN DONNA TODAY?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO APPROVE OF ME, MRS. CAVANAGH, BUT I JUST WANT TO --

MRS. CAVANAGH? HELLO?

TIGHTASSED OLD HAG!

SORRY.

I WISH I WERE DEAD.

HOUR 4: HE WATCHED TELEVISION.

LOOK EVERYONE-- IT'S *DINO!*

YAYYYY!

HEY KIDS, DINO THE DINOSAUR IS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.

GEE, DINO! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS TERRY PTERANODON'S BIRTHDAY TODAY. SHOULD WE BAKE HIM A CAKE?

AND YOU WANT TO TELL ME SOMETHING ELSE, DO YOU DINO?

...WE'RE GOING TO DIE. DINO SAYS WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE. DINO TOLD ME. HE SAYS WE SHOULD SLASH OUR WRISTS NOW...

...AND REMEMBER TO SLASH DOWN THE WRIST, BOYS AND GIRLS, NOT ACROSS THE WRIST...

DINO'S KID-VID PLAYHOUSE

HEEHOOOHEEEHOOOHOOOHHEEEHHH

PLEASE STAND BY

WE ARE EXPERIENCING TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES

HOUR 5: THE FLIES GET RESTLESS.

I'M SAYING IT'S WEIRD!

NOBODY'S COME IN -- IT SEEMS LIKE WE MUST HAVE BEEN HERE FOR *HOURS.*

BUT IT SEEMS LIKE WE JUST CAME IN...

SOMETHING'S *VERY...*

UHHHH... I, MM...

I LOVE THIS PLACE.

ME TOO.

ANYWAY, I HAD THESE *HORRIBLE* DREAMS THIS MORNING. HORRIBLE.

HOUR 6:

Dear Donna,

I don't blame you for all you said about us last night. And I said I was sorry after I hit you. And I am sorry.

I'M SAYING IT'S WEIRD! NOBODY'S COME IN -- IT SEEMS LIKE WE MUST HAVE BEEN... UH...

Donna, I love you. I only hurt you because I was scared of losing you. I'm sorry.

HOUR 7: HE MAKES THEM FEEL GOOD. HE MAKES THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE. GIVES THEM WHAT THEY WANT.

AND MARK SAYS, LET'S DO LUNCH. HAVE YOUR PEOPLE CALL MY PEOPLE. MONEY. MONEY.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

AND GARRY'S HAVING A $20 HOOKER IN THE CONVERTIBLE. THEN HE'LL BEAT HER UP, THROW HER OUT OF THE CAR. DRIVE OFF. HE GETS SUCH A *KICK* OUT OF DOING THAT...

AND KATE KNOWS SHE'LL *NEVER* HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GARRY'S LITTLE INFIDELITIES AGAIN. NO MORE LIPSTICK ON HIS COLLAR. HE'S *ALL* HERS.

HOUR 8: HE MOVES AMONG THEM, EXPERIENCING THEIR LITTLE PLEASURES, THEIR MINOR JOYS.

THE JEWEL WHISPERS TO HIM OF ELSEWHERE PAINS AND FARAWAY MADNESSES, OF FAR-OFF DEATHS AND DISTANT TERRORS.

THIS COMFORTS HIM.

HE FEELS ECHOES OF THEIR DREAMS.

BETTE HAS DISLODGED STEPHEN KING FROM THE BESTSELLER LISTS.

IT DOES LITTLE FOR HIM. SIMPLE PLEASURES NO LONGER EXCITE HIM.

JUDY'S BITTER-SWEET REUNION WITH DONNA PROVIDES FRACTIONALLY MORE STIMULATION FOR HIM.

AND MARSH THINKS HE'S *DEAD*; DRANK HIMSELF TO HELL AND GONE; RIGID ON A SLAB -- HIS LIVER HAS FAILED; HIS SKIN IS SLOWLY GOING COLD.

DEE ALMOST GETS *ENJOYMENT* FROM THAT.

NEARLY AS MUCH ENJOYMENT AS HE GETS FROM WATCHING HIS JEWEL IN ACTION.

BAD DREAMS

NEWS AT SIX.

IS *EVERYBODY* GOING *CRAZY?* REPORTS ARE COMING IN FROM ACROSS THE STATE ABOUT A WAVE OF *MADNESS, SUICIDE* AND *BAD DREAMS...*

PLEASURE.

HOUR 9: CONFLICT, HE DECIDES, REVEALS CHARACTER.

UHT!

...FILTHY DYKE BITCH!

MARSH, HONEY, PLEASE CALM DOWN. PLEASE, SHE'S JUST A KID.

FILTH. LESBO. FILTH.

YOU ***BASTARD!*** I'LL KILL YOU--LET ***GO*** OF ME! I'LL KILL HIM!

ALL YOU NEED. ALL YOU NEED IS A PROPER MAN. A REAL MAN. I'LL SHOW YOU, BITCH. I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU...

HOUR 10: THEY LOVE HIM.

DEEE...

DEEEE...

DEEEE...

DEEEE...

DEEE...WE LOVE YOU, DEEE...

BEAUTIFUL. YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL.

DOCTOR DEE. DOCTOR DEE.

GREAT AND WISE AND WONDERFUL...

DEE...

GOD

HE LICKS THE BLOOD FROM THE MAN'S FINGER. A GOD MUST NOT APPEAR UNGRACIOUS TOWARD A SACRIFICE; HOWEVER, HE DERIVES NO SATISFACTION FROM IT.

HE DOESN'T KNOW ***WHAT*** HE WANTS TO EAT. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING.

HOUR 11: HE CATCHES UP ON THE NEWS.

...NIGHTMARES, SLEEPLESSNESS AND INSANITY REPORTED EARLIER ON LOCAL NEWS IS SHAPING UP TO BE A PLANET-WIDE PHENOMENON.

REPORTS HAVE ALREADY COME IN FROM ASIA AND EUROPE OF...OF ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS, F-FROM PEOPLE FALLING ASLEEP ON F-FREEWAYS, PLANES CRASHING, BOTCHED SURGERY...

HERE WITH A F-FULL REPORT IS MARY GENTIAN. MARY?

LEADING FUNDAMENTALISTS HAVE ALREADY BEGUN TO PROCLAIM THE ARMAGEDDON.

INTERNATIONALLY, PEOPLE CAN'T SLEEP. OR THEY HAVE NIGHTMARES. AND ANYBODY EVEN MARGINALLY MENTALLY UNBALANCED IS GOING OVER THE EDGE.

NO INTERNATIONAL SUPERHEROES WERE AVAILABLE FOR COMMENT, SO I SPOKE TO HERSCHEL OF LOCAL SUPER TEAM "THE AMAZING HERSCHEL AND BETTY":

HI. UH...AM I ON? IS THIS WORKING? YEAH...?

WELL, ME AND BETTY, WE FIGURE IT'S PROBABLY ***RAYS.***

AND FINALLY, IN BALTIMORE, A WOMAN CLAIMS SHE'S TAUGHT HER DUCK TO TAP-DANCE. MORE ON THAT AFTER THE BREAK.

HOUR 12: IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER.

...WORST, MOST SHAMEFUL THING *I'VE* EVER DONE? OH GEE. I CAN'T TELL YOU. I CAN'T. I ...

I WAS 18. I WAS AT COLLEGE. I WAS *DRUNK*. TO *BEGIN* WITH I WAS DRUNK, ANYWAY.

NEXT DOOR TO MY APARTMENT WAS A FUNERAL HOME.

"MY BOYFRIEND HAD JUST *SPLIT*. THAT WAS WHY I GOT DRUNK. AND I WAS HORNY, AND *CRAZY*...

... I JUST WALKED AND I FOUND MYSELF OUTSIDE THE FUNERAL HOME AND I JUST SORT OF TRIED THE DOOR.

"I THINK MAYBE I WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEPLACE TO *PEE*, Y'KNOW -- A LADIES' ROOM.

"AND THE *DOOR* OPENED, AND I WAS IN THE *MORTUARY*.

"THERE WAS A BODY ON THIS TABLE. *YOUNG* GUY. YOU COULD SEE HE'D BEEN, Y'KNOW, GOOD LOOKING.

"AND I THOUGHT I'D BE FREAKED OUT, BUT I *WASN'T*. I WAS KIND OF *EXCITED*...

"I WENT *OVER* TO THE BODY AND I STARTED TO PLAY WITH IT.

"THEN I CLIMBED ON TOP OF HIM, AND STARTED, UH, I STARTED REALLY *GOING*."

IT WAS *NEVER* THE *SAME*.

AND ALL OF A SUDDEN *BLOOD* STARTED TO WELL UP IN HIS MOUTH, AND I PUT MY *FACE* DOWN AND I...

I DON'T *WANT* TO *TELL* YOU THIS. I DON'T WANT TO TELL *ANYBODY* THIS.

SOMETIMES WHEN I'D MAKE *LOVE* TO *GARRY* I'D ASK HIM TO LIE REAL *STILL*. I'D CLOSE MY EYES AND *PRETEND* BUT IT WAS NEVER--

HOUR 13: THEY GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER INTIMATELY...

♪THEIR HOUSE IS A MU-SE-UM♫

AH. AH.

♪WHEN PEOPLE♫♪ COME TO SEE 'EM

YESSS. OHH YESSSS. MNN.

♪THEY REALLY ARE A SCREE-UM♫.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

EEEEE. MMMM. EEEEE. JESUS.

OH DO IT. NOW. DO IT.

♪THE ADDAMS FAMILY.♫♫

BASTARD. HH. ALL OF YOU. HHH. ARE. ALL. AHHH. SUCH. ALL. HHH. BASTARD...

YES. NOW. YESSSSS.

♫♫♩♪♩

AH. AH. AH. AH. AH. AH. AHHHH HHHHH...

NEAT.

HOUR 14 : MIDNIGHT, AND HE CONSULTED ORACLES.

TELL ME MY FUTURE.

YOU COME FROM DUST.

YOU WALK THE DUST.

RUDE GIRL

YOU GO BACK TO DUST.

TELL ME MY FUTURE.

THERE IS NO FUTURE FOR YOU, JOHN DEE.

IT'S A FUTURE BOUNDED BY WALLS AND GUARDS AND THE SOUR SMELL OF MADNESS.

AND THEN THE SKEIN OF YOUR LIFE IS CUT, SON OF YOUR MOTHER.

TELL MY FUTURE!

YOU HAVE STOLEN SOME OF THE POWER OF DREAMS.

THAT'S GOOD. I LIKE THAT FUTURE. CLEVER FLIES. CLEVER LITTLE INSECTS.

RUDE GIRL

YOU WILL TAKE ALL OF IT.

YOU WILL CRUSH OUT THE DREAM-LORD'S LIFE IN YOUR HANDS, JOHN DEE.

HOUR 15: HE GAVE THEM BACK THEIR MINDS. FOR A WHILE.

WHY? WHAT DID WE DO?

WHY US, GODDAMMIT? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS STUFF TO US? YOU'RE GOING TO KILL US!

NAILS

WHY?

BECAUSE I CAN.

HOUR 16: PARTY GAMES.

MURDER IN THE DARK...

AAAAHH!

HE-HE-HE-HE-HEE!

HOUR 17: CONFESSION AND PENANCE.

BETTE, YOU KNOW MARSHA *KNEW* ABOUT US? THAT WAS WHY SHE BEGAN DRINKING.

I *HATED* HER. I MEAN, SHE'S THE *ONLY* WOMAN I EVER LOVED, BUT I HATED HER.

NEW YEAR'S EVE I BLEW MY *WHOLE* PAYCHECK ON A CRATE OF VODKA, LEFT IT IN OUR BEDROOM, WENT OUT OF TOWN FOR A WEEK...

WHEN I GOT BACK SHE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL. I AS GOOD AS KILLED HER.

I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING *ELSE*. WHEN I WAS IN THE PEN, I SAW YOUR *SON*. LITTLE BERNIE.

HE'D BEEN HUSTLING HIS ASS IN GOTHAM, GOT PICKED UP FOR KNIFING HIS PIMP.

YOU COULD *HAVE* HIM FOR A PACKET OF CIGARETTES.

BAM

I DON'T. I DON'T. I DON'T WANT TO *HEAR* THIS SHIT!

BETTE...

...I *DID*.

HOUR 18: HE BRINGS OUT THE BEAST IN THEM.

THE FEMALES, NERVOUS OF THE COMING CONFLICT, HUDDLE TOGETHER FOR COMFORT.

RUDE GIRL

THE PACK LEADER IS SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

THE OLD MALE GNAWS AT ITS TRAPPED FRONT LEG. IT HAS FOLLOWED THE PACK AT A DISTANCE FOR YEARS, HUNTING FOR SCRAPS.

THEY GROWL.

THE YOUNG MALE ADVANCES. SOON THE FEMALES WILL BE ALL HIS.

THE PACK LEADER PAUSES, THEN SPRINGS.

RRROOOAWRRR

EVEN A MAN WHO IS PURE IN HEART AND SAYS HIS PRAYERS EACH NIGHT...

RRRR

RRRRROOWRRRAWR

THE PACK LEADER'S TEETH ARE STRONG AND SHARP. HE IS A GOOD LEADER. THE CHALLENGE HAS BEEN MET.

THE SMELL OF BLOOD IS HEAVY ON THE AIR.

AAAAOOOOOOOOO

THE VICTORY, LIKE THE BLOOD, IS SWEET.

HOUR 19: HE LIES TO THEM.

"...TO PROVE IT'S SAFE, I'LL HAVE THE GREEN SIDE, YOU HAVE THE RED HALF."

TRUSTING THE WICKED QUEEN, SNOW WHITE TOOK A BITE FROM THE ROSY RED APPLE, AND INSTANTLY FELL DOWN AS IF SHE WERE DEAD.

AH.

BUT SHE'S NOT *REALLY* DEAD, IS SHE, DOCTOR DEE? IS SHE..?

HOUR 20: IT WAS TIME FOR ENTERTAINMENT.

♩EVEN WHEN THE DARKEST CLOUDS ARE IN THE SKY...♫

YOU MUSTN'T CRY♪ AND YOU MUSTN'T SIGH... ♩♫♩

SPREAD A LITTLE HAPPINESS AS YOU GO BY... ♩♪♯♪

PLEASE TRY...♫

CLAP CLAP CLAP

HOUR 21: HE SHOWS THEM THE DELIGHTS OF BELIEF.

I WANT TO *SEE* IT, DOCTOR. I TRUST YOU. I *WILL* SEE THE GLORY...

AHN. AH. *GOD.*

I CAN *SEE* IT! SWEET *LORD*...

I CAN SEE THE *GLORY!*

HOUR 22.

PLEASE & THANK YOU ARE MAGIC WORDS!

HOUR 23.

MMBBZZZZZZZZZZ

ZzzzzBBzzzzzzzz

ZZZZZT

BBZBZBZ--

HOUR 24.

AAH.

HELLO.

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE. IT WAS STARTING TO GET A BIT BORING.

BUT YOU DON'T LOOK STRONG ENOUGH EVEN TO MAKE IT INTERESTING...

"DO YOU?"

NEXT: DREAM'S END.

SON OF ULTRON